

THE FLAMES OF ETNA.

Phenomena Attending the Last Eruption of the Sicilian Volcano.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Naples, gives some interesting details of the eruption of Mount Etna. At Reggio and Messina showers of sand and lapilli fell. But so dense was the cloud of smoke and fine ashes in which the mountain was enveloped that even at the foot of Etna, only occasionally, when there was an opening in the cloud, a vast column of fire could be seen ascending from the principal crater. The obscurity, however, in which everything was involved served to render the scene more alarming. The eruption commenced on the night of the 20th of March, and from 3 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock on the following morning ninety-two undulating shocks of earthquake were felt. They continued after that time, though with less violence, till, on the night of the 22d, two terrible shocks were felt at Nicolosi, and another on the night of the 23d. It would appear that this great commotion was the prelude to a yet greater eruption, and, indeed, eleven new mouths were opened above Nicolosi, which vomited forth sand, scorice, lapilli, and a dense smoke with fearful roarings. The activity of these mouths is not very great, which is regarded as an indication of yet greater disasters. Many families have abandoned the points most threatened, as Nicolosi and Belpasso; but those who remain sleep in the open air, and the troops who have been sent are engaged in erecting tents or breaking down walls or houses that are in danger of falling. Great exertions are made to keep the people from the churches, which on the occasion of such awful events are always sure to be crowded. A sense of security is felt within these sacred buildings, though there are no places where there is greater insecurity. Happily, no human victims were reported up to the 23d, and this may be explained by the fact that the shocks of earthquake occurred principally by day, when people were on the alert. But much damage has been done to property. In some of the small villages on the middle of the mountain houses have been thrown down, and a little chapel at Macchia has fallen. At Zaffarana six houses were ruined, and the facade of the church, while the barracks of the carabinieri were fissured. Other churches and houses are reported to have been damaged, but it would have been an endless task to note all. Wherever buildings are in a dangerous state, orders are given to demolish them directly. Further intelligence is anxiously expected, for though there was a short cessation of the shocks, and people in some places were resuming their usual occupations, the mountain was discharging its contents abundantly, and no one could say that the danger was entirely removed.

Mr. Spurgeon on Public Houses.

The following letter has been, says the London Telegraph, sent to Surrey licensing magistrates in reference to the proposal to increase the number of spirit licenses in the neighborhood of the Elephant and Castle: "Westwood, Beulah hill, Upper Norwood, March 29, 1883—Gentlemen: I understand that an application is to come before you to license another public house near the Elephant and Castle. I beg you to refuse the application. We are overdone already with drink-shops, and around the Elephant and Castle the nightly scene in the streets show that we need no increase to provocations of vice. In the interest of public morals all who wish well to their fellow-men would like to see facilities for drinking decreased rather than multiplied. I may add that, apart from morality, there is no need of more public houses in the neighborhood. If drinking were a virtue the most exemplary person could not wish for larger opportunities for its cultivation. The greatest proficients in the art of tippling would hardly be able to exhaust the facilities already provided. When more advanced they may easily stagger from one door to another without the risk of being sobered by the open air. Yours, most respectfully,

C. H. SPURGEON."

—A Boston firm recently shipped a lot of base balls to the students of Roberts College Constantinople.

A Mistaken Idea.

From "A Fable for Boys," by Charles Barnard, in St. Nicholas for May.

As soon as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as being a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; but after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider: "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debt to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised, and wonders why the world does not give him his due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, ghats, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, sailor, the light-house keeper and school-master.

From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? Is it not you who are in debt? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you must pay—not the world.

Ah! boys, he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things,—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines,—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world at last did owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.

A Silly Girl Saved by Booth.

New York Star.

Speaking of the persecutions of actors reminds me of a very pretty story regarding Edwin Booth. It was while he was playing at the Winter Garden that a young miss in her teens fell desperately in love with him. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and night after night she would make some excuse to leave home and go to the theater. She deluged Booth with love letters, and finally he wrote to her, telling her to meet him at the stage door at the end of the performance on a certain night. She was there, according to appointment. Booth handed her into his carriage and gave some whispered instructions to the driver. The horses were driven rapidly, and in a few moments the young girl found herself in front of her own home. The carriage stopped and Booth assisted her to alight. Taking her arm in his he walked with her up the stoop and rang the bell. It was late, and the girl's father, who had become very anxious about her whereabouts, opened the door. When he saw her in the company of the actor, he started back in astonishment.

"Mr. —," said Mr. Booth very quietly, "I have brought your daughter home. She has been very foolish, but she has promised never to be so again, and I would advise you to take better care of her." With these words he turned and left. That young girl is a happy wife and mother now, but she never tires of telling the lesson she received from the great actor.

—Many sheriffs of North Carolina receive less than \$300 annually in fees.

How Gresham Got There.

Washington Dispatch.

The question, "How did the president come to think of General Gresham for postmaster general?" has been frequently asked here, but up to the present time no one has been able to answer it. Quite a number of conjectures have gone out, among them, that General Grant was the first to suggest the name of the new cabinet officer to the president. I learn, to-day, from a highly reliable source, the true story which led to the appointment of General Gresham. Several days after the burial of Judge Howe, Colonel Foster of Indiana, the new minister to Spain, called upon the president and said: "Mr. President, Judge Gresham of Indiana will send in his resignation of the district judgeship next week, to take effect the 1st of May."

"What is he going to resign for?" asked the president.

"His salary is insufficient for his needs. He proposes to enter the law firm of McDonald & Butler at Indianapolis. He hopes to make \$10,000 a year by practicing law."

While Colonel Foster was talking the president appeared to be much interested, though he was evidently thinking about what he proposed to say.

Colonel Foster continued: "What I desire to say, Mr. President, is this: In case General Gresham does not succeed at the law as he expects, can you give him any assurance that, should a bench vacancy occur, say Judge Drummond's for instance, you would appoint him? General Gresham is a man of great ability, and I would like to see him do well."

"What McDonald is it that he is going to practice law with? Senator McDonald?" asked the president.

"Yes, sir."

The president got up from his chair, walked about, ran his hands down in his pockets as is his habit, came back to where Colonel Foster was sitting, and, facing him, said:

"How would Gresham do for postmaster general?"

"Do!" exclaimed Foster. "Why, he would do splendidly. He is the very man for the place. You could not make a better appointment."

"Would he accept it?" was the next question of the chief magistrate.

"I think he would," was the answer. "Where is he holding court this week?"

"At Evansville, Ind."

"Telegraph him at once that I will appoint him postmaster general if he will accept it. Send me his answer immediately. The more I think about Gresham the more I am convinced he is the man I want."

Colonel Foster immediately telegraphed General Gresham, and in the course of an hour received a dispatch about as follows: "Will accept the position, but suggest that official notification of my appointment be sent me through Harrison."

This was done as requested, Senator Harrison telegraphing General Gresham from Indianapolis that the president had appointed him postmaster-general, and the secretary of state had already signed his commission. It was thoughtful and considerate in General Gresham to suggest that the courtesy of the official notice of his appointment be accorded to Senator Harrison, especially when it is remembered that the personal relations of the two Indiana republican bosses are far from pleasant.

Col. John Foster, who indirectly brought about the appointment of General Gresham, is considerable of a man. He is an ardent republican, a man of great energy, of decided ability, and highly educated. He has done more for the republicans in Indiana with this administration than all the other republicans combined. The president within the last year has more than once consulted Colonel Foster on matters of "great pith and moment," and it is said by those who have the best means of knowing, that the listening ear of the president can always be secured by the new minister to Spain.

Emigration Statistics.

During the ten years ending with 1882, says The Buffalo Courier, 3,544,458 immigrants came to the United States. The immigration for each year was as follows: 1873, 459,803; 1874, 312,339; 1875, 227,498; 1876, 169,986; 1877, 141,857; 1878, 138,469; 1879, 177,826; 1880, 457,257; 1881, 669,431; 1882, 788,992.

The following shows the nationality of most of these immigrants: Great Britain, 1,013,979; Germany, 976,742; Sweden, 277,558; Norway, 131,438; France, 64,962; China, 152,000.

But He'll Steal Something.

Arkansas Traveler.

A gentleman stopped his horse at a tollgate, and not seeing the gatekeeper went into the house. Finding no one he began to search, and finally discovered the gatekeeper out in the field at work. Although the old man was quite a distance away, the gentleman went into the field, approached the old man and said:

"You are the tollgate keeper, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," the old man replied, turning and leaning upon his hoe handle.

"Well, I want to go through the gate."

"Ain't the gate open?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go through? It's my business to be there."

"Because I want to pay you."

"And you came all the way out here to pay me five cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, proudly looking the old man in the eye.

"Couldn't you have left the money on the table?"

"Yes, but I wanted you to know that I paid you."

"You are an honest man."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, while a pleased expression spread over his face.

"You would have walked three times as far to have paid me that five cents, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Here, John," the old man called to a boy that lay in the shade, "call the dog and go along and watch this feller till he gets away. Bet a hundred dollars he steals something 'fore he leaves this place."

Queer Effects of a Lightning Bolt.

New London (Ct.) Day.

The fierce lightning and thunder storm of Thursday night played strange freaks in the residence of Mrs. C. W. Jennings, of Greenville. The bolt struck in the roof, making a hole large enough for a man to crawl through, shattering one of the oak rafters and shaking up the chimney so that it will need extensive repairs. From the attic it made its way down between the plastering and clapboards without disturbing a lath until it reached the sink-pipe, when it burst through the clapboards near the ground. It followed the water-pipe under ground until it reached the main in the street and shattered it. The occupants of the room directly under the roof where the first entrance was made were unaware that the bolt had struck the house until the rain which entered through the hole admonished them that something was wrong.

Coon vs. Dog.

Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.

One of the attractive curiosities in the Arlington grounds at present, is a tame coon lately presented to Mr. Dixey Thompson. This coon is kept tied in the open air and has become quite tame. At first he was somewhat quiet and acted lonesome and sulky, but lately he has, contrary to all ideas of coon nature, formed a close friendship with a small dog. He is now a changed coon. The dog belongs to the children of Dr. Guild, one of the neighbors, but spends most of his time with the coon. The two eat from one dish in the most sociable fashion, and romp together hours at a time, playing like kittens, rolling over and over each other, and embracing with never a snarl or bite. Considering the natural enmity existing between the two classes of animals, this is a phenomenal friendship.

—A child has been born in Turkish Kurdistan with a full beard and mustache, a perfect set of 32 teeth and no fewer than 40 distinct and well-formed fingers. Naturally such a prodigy attracted great attention, but several visitors inspected it at their cost; for it snapped its 32 teeth at everybody who came within range with such energy and success that it became necessary to extract all the front ones. It is a wonderful thing to see the infant lying in its cradle, stroking its beard with its 40 fingers.